

Withers, J. P. Jarrett and Meyers St.	2 50
Wick, J. W., 4th, Harrison and Mad.	6 06
Williams, J. H. Metzger Add.	2 43
Wilkinson, G. C. Rowlandtown	4 59
Worren, J. M., Worren's Add.	97 88
Wooten, S. F., 10th, Harrison and Clay	15 98
Woolfolk, Ed. 3rd, Nort. and Jones	36 39
Wood, J. J., Ky. Ave.	17 83
Worl, Josephine, 12th and Mad.	69 87
Widkinson, W. U., Ashbrook Ave.	3 77
Walker, Mrs. Emma, Sowell Add.	1 61

Young, A. M., Mount Park	2 31
Young, J. M., Mount Park	3 31
Yates, C. F., Hays Ave.	5 32
York, J. W., 21st, and Adams St.	2 50
Yopp, Agnes, Jackson, 11th and 12th	6 36
Yopp, Andy, 12th, Tennessee and George	3 63

<b>COLORED.</b>	
Alexander, Dora, 9th, Husbands and Ohio	15 16
Anderson, H., 10th, Tenn. and Jones	15 12
Anderson, Major, 10th, Tenn. and Jones	5 13
Armstrong, James, 702 Ohio St.	5 13
Armstrong, Geo., 16th, Wash. and Clark	4 23

Baynham Sam, 1309 So. 8th St.	5 22
Baynham, Chas., Cleveland	2 41
Baker, Chas., Sowell Add.	2 41
Baldwin, Jas. N. Ry. Flournoy St.	1 81
Bacon, Alice, Hays Ave.	3 28
Bennett, Blanche, 711 N. 16th St.	4 78
Beach, Harriett, 9th, Hub. and Boyd	3 63
Bowers, Edgar, 9th, Caldwell and Norton	2 86
Booffer, Naptha, 806 Harrison St.	5 13
Boyd, Alice, 410 So. 8th St.	4 08
Bowlen, Ike, Broad Alley	3 31
Bowers, M. E., 12th St.	5 13
Buford, W. A., Terrell St.	3 77
Brady, Wm., 9th, Husb. and Bock	3 63
Brown, Lona, 10th and Husbands	1 36
Brown, W. B., 725 So. 7th St.	6 94
Briggs, Thos., 518 So. 8th St.	8 76
Brown, G. W., 10th and Jones	4 23

Carman Heirs, Wash. 10th and 11th	2 73
Clifton, Mabala, 726 Clark St.	4 99
Clark, J. W., 726 N. 10th St.	6 94
Clark, Eliza, Ashbrook Ave.	7 73
Clark, —, Cleveland Ave.	3 63
Copeland, Sam, 19th, Husbands and George	3 21
Colie, Mary, 1436 So. 10th St.	5 13
Coleman, Chas., 1191 Harrison St.	11 57
Conley, Andy, So. 10th St.	5 13
Chambers, —, Husb. and Bock	2 41
Cridler, Bob, 1307 So. 10th St.	4 23

Daniels, Hal, 718 Harrison St.	8 18
Daniels, Lucinda, 1120 Harrison St.	5 44
Davis, Wm., 1318 Madison St.	7 86
Daniels, Beverly, 719 Broad St.	6 28
Daniels, Leah, 1313 N. 13th St.	2 73
Dillaburst, Henry, Sanders Add.	3 77
Diggs, Bob, Cleveland St.	5 58
Donaldson, Anderson, N. 7th St.	4 23
Dooley, Wm., 1095 N. 7th St.	4 23
Drury, Geo., N. 7th St.	4 58
Dunlap, Henry, 816 N. 7th St.	4 23

Edwards, Henry, 5th, Husb. and George	2 86
Ellis, Anderson R. R., near depot	2 86
Foard, Ella, 1951 Broad St.	2 73
Fuquay, Rosa, 816 N. 10th St.	5 44

Gibson, Daniel, 1413 So. 10th St.	3 77
Given, Carlissa, 7th and Burnett St.	3 36
Given, Boswell, 7th, Husb. and Bock	6 94
Gordon, Sam, 1491 So. 10th St.	4 23
Gordon, Ida, N. 12th St.	1 14
Gregory & Hester, Caldwell St.	2 18
Griffin, H. and D. Ross, 8th and Norton	91
Green, Cato, near A. Conner	1 95
Gray, Fannie, 8th and Burnett St.	2 73
Gray, Green, 8th, Adams and Jack.	6 94
Grubbs, Geo. W., 913 N. 8th St.	11 17

Hathaway, Geo., Terrell St.	1 95
Harrison, —, Husb., 10th and 11th	5 13
Harrison, Chas. D., 9th, Bur. and Flour.	4 23
Hall, Anderson, 408 So. 12th	4 20
Harvey, G. W., 1425 Clay St.	5 81
Harris, Albert, 1099 N. 7th St.	4 23
Henderson, George, Campbell St.	5 13
Higgins, Ed., 167 Woodward	3 77
Hibbs, T. B., 708 So. 6th St.	8 85
Holls estate, Burnett St.	2 73
Hobbs, Sato, Faxon Add.	2 73
Howell, Henry, estate, 8th and Terrell	9 33
Howell, C. J. and A. E., Jackson, 8th and 9th	9 99
Howell, Dave, Clay, 14th and 15th	4 23

Jacobs, Jeff, Woodward Ave.	2 46
Jenkins, Florence, 1714 Broad alley	2 09
Jenkins, Lawrence, So. 12th St.	3 31
Jenkins, Monroe, Broad alley	2 41
Jordan, James, 8th and Husbands St.	4 91
Jordan, Will, 11th and Husbands St.	7 13

Kivel, Henry, 920 N. 8th St.	5 13
Knight, Wm., 11th, Boyd and Terrell	2 86
Lawrence, T. A., Rowlandtown	3 77
Lindsey, Francis, 1718 Broad alley	1 81
Lott, Mattie E., 6th, Ohio and Tenn.	8 17
Lott, W. H., 4th and Husbands St.	3 77
Loving, Dennis, 1309 So. 10th St.	7 08
Loring, Geo., Broad, 7th and 8th	2 90
Loring, Chas., 1337 So. 10th St.	7 08

Masonic Stock Co., by S. Kivel, 7th and Adams	12 70
Marable, Lizzie L., 8th, Adams and Jackson St.	6 36
Mathis, John, 718 Jackson St.	6 06
Mathis, Jno., Brownman Add.	3 63
Marsh, Jno., 10th and Boyd	8 76
Mechanicsburg Temple, 1-2 acre, near Herzogg	45
Merrifweather, C. W., Jones, 8th and 9th	3 31
Minor, Jno., 842 So. 8th St.	4 10
Moseley, Jno., Heirs, 10th and Boyd	9 07
Morgan, G. A., Eliz., 6th and 7th	3 31
Moore, Aaron, 1207 N. 14th St.	5 13
Moore, Bartlett (N. R.) Trimble, 7th and 8th	1 81
McClure, Sid, Heirs, Wash. 10th and 11th	6 36
McKnight, Jones, Bock, 9th and 10th	3 14
McKnight, Will, Bur. and Flour.	3 31

Neal, Sam or Nellie, 10th and Cleveland	5 13
Nelson, James, 1527 Clay St.	4 08
Nickols, Isaac, 1127 Jones St.	3 18

Overton & Reed, George, 6th and 7th	3 63
Overton, Scott, 8th and Ohio	16 70
Owen, Sr., Frank, 923 Wash. St.	7 99
Owen, Jr., Frank, 9th and Husbands	4 68
Owen, Nelson, 921 Wash St.	8 76
Owen, Emma, 912 Ky. Ave.	5 68

Pascal, S., back of A. Conner	2 43
Polk, James K., 1133 N. 11th St.	6 94
Perry, Norton, 12th, Flournoy and Terrell	3 77
Parkins, Marshall, N. 11th St.	4 68
Prie, Marion, 819 Husbands St.	6 06
Pullen, Ned, 10th, Tenn. and Jones	2 86

Thomas, Sarah C., N. 13th St.	6 36
Thomas, Harris, 11th and Wash St.	6 94
Thompson Heirs, 10th, Harris and Boyd	1 81
Tucker, Chas., 1041 So. 5th St.	5 13
Turner, Jas., 415 Jackson St.	6 17

Watkins, Metzger Add.	3 21
Washington, Jno., 1318 So. 9th St.	3 77
Wallace, Minerva, Mill St.	2 05
Watson, Albert, 1211 Monroe St.	4 12
Watts, A., 1129 N. 4th St.	6 94
Webb, Alfred, 1235 So. 8th St.	4 23
Webb, J. W., So. 10th St.	6 94
White, Vick, Broad alley	3 31
White, Stoke, Broad alley	2 18
Wimberly, Elvira, 166 Woodward	1 81
Wilson, Jordan, So. 9th St.	6 06
Williams, Thos., 1220 So. 10th St.	5 46
Williams, Dink, 621 Terrell St.	4 59
Williams, Lucy, Cleveland Ave.	4 45
Woolfolk, Scott, So. 13th St.	2 94

The above property lists having been returned to the Auditor as de-

linquent, will be offered for sale at the City Hall door on Monday, November 5, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m., by the treasurer unless paid to him before that date.

ALEX. KIRKLAND, Auditor.

Paducah, Ky., October 15, 1906.

## BRAZEN BELL

WOULD BE BETTER NAME THAN  
BROKEN BELL.

Divorces and Divorcants Form Club  
In New York and Have Good  
Time.

New York, Oct. 16.—Out of the divorce dinner given last night by Mrs. Sophia Florence Diesenger to celebrate the awarding of the decree which marks her permanent separation from Albert Diesenger, a Wall street broker, has grown the Broken Wedding Bell association. Mrs. Diesenger's guests were so delighted with the dinner and the entertainment that they are determined to have a permanent organization.

Mrs. Diesenger's dinner was unique and it was not ended until early morning. Nearly all the guests had undergone experiences similar to those of the hostess, and many were the sad stories of experiences with "brutes," "monsters," "fiends in human shape," "deceiving wretches" and "heartless brutes."

James P. McQuade, father of the hostess, who himself went through the courts successfully was a happy guest, but feared he would become ineligible to membership, as he contemplated another experiment in matrimony.

Statisticians at the dinner said afterward that South Dakota and Rhode Island were about evenly represented, while Pittsburgh appeared to lead in point of nativity.

### Wood Makes Plea.

Washington, Oct. 16.—An argument against the reduction in the number of troops in the Philippines is made by Maj.-Gen. Leonard Wood, commanding that division, to his annual report. The total garrison on June 30 last numbered 20,943 men.

"We are far from home," says Gen. Wood, "and in case of foreign disturbance, even with all our troops concentrated at Manila, the force available would be barely sufficient to defend it from serious attack. Moreover, the strong garrison should be maintained here until conditions pertaining to the civil government are well established and the animosities and disappointments incident to the building up of a local government under new and perhaps strained conditions have passed away."

### Discriminating Patriotism.

When Charles Dudley Warner was a newspaper editor in the early '60s he was accustomed to write his editorials upon the war with fervid haste, regardless of all consideration of handwriting.

One day a typesetter left the composing room and appeared at the editor's desk.

"Mr. Warner," he said, "I've decided to enlist in the army."

With mingled emotions of pride and responsibility Mr. Warner replied that it pleased him that the man felt the call to duty.

"Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than set your copy."—Pittsburgh Press.

### Only a Trifle Gone!

The editor of a paper in western Indiana declares it to be a fact that a "cub" reporter on an Evansville sheet, in describing the murder of a man in an adjacent town, wired his paper as follows:

"Murderer evidently in quest of money. Luckily Jones had deposited all his funds in the bank day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."

"Success Magazine."

Mrs. W. had been very earnest in teaching her Sunday school class all about the "Story of the Prodigal Son." One point she made especially clear to her interesting little group of listeners, and that was the mean disposition which the elder brother showed when he "would not go in."

"Now children," she said, "in the midst of all this rejoicing that the prodigal son had returned to his home again there was one that was quite unhappy. While the others were delighted and glad, he was sad, and who was he?"

There was a brief pause. Then a little hand went up.

"Well, Freddie Smart, who was it?"

"The 'fatted calf,'" promptly exclaimed Freddie.—Exchange.

Fashionable Mother.—Now, I don't want to make any mistake. You say this jar is the cream for Flodo? Milkman—Yes, ma'am. Fashionable Mother.—And this is the milk for baby?—Somerville Journal.

"Just before poor old Dooley died he made his wife promise that she would not marry again."

"Poor old chap—he always was kind to his fellow-men."—Tit-Bits.

## NO WORD

PERRY'S EXPEDITION IS BOUND  
UP BY ICE.

Hope of Hearing From Him This Winter  
Is Abandoned By His  
Friends.

New York, Oct. 16.—The middle of October having been reached, the time set for receiving news from the Peary expedition, hope practically was abandoned tonight of hearing this year from the band of explorers which sailed from this port fifteen months ago. If Peary has decided to spend a second winter in the arctic circle, it was expected that news would come from the expedition through the whalers when they sail into Dundee, Scotland, at the end of their cruises.

The whalers have failed to come into port and this is taken that unusual weather conditions prevail in the arctic, and that the entire fleet has been caught in the ice. This proving true, it is probable that the Peary steamer Roosevelt may not have been able to get out of the ice at all this summer, and that Peary, after making his successful dash and returning to his ship, was compelled to go into winter quarters.

## PARIS MOB

UNDERTAKES TO RUN RACE  
TRACK TO SUIT ITSELF.

Free Handicap Sunday Afternoon Dis-  
pleased Patrons, Who Took All  
the Money.

Paris, Oct. 16.—There were violent public demonstrations at the Long Champs race course Sunday afternoon in consequence of an unsatisfactory start in the free handicap. The trouble culminated in riots, pillage and incendiarism. Many persons were arrested.

The program comprised six races and the first two passed off without incident. There were nine starters in the free handicap the next event, and four, including the favorite were left at the post. Amid a terrific uproar a complete outsider won. The public immediately became enraged, broke down the barriers and invaded the track. Crowds demanded the return of their bets. They surrounded the bookmakers' booths, chased out the cashiers, and seized the money.

### A Long Ride Cheap.

The American tramp must look out for his laurels in the matter of stealing rides. A Roumanian recently succeeded in lodging himself on the pipes underneath a dining car of the Orient Express at Costanza, on the Black Sea, these pipes affording a sort of a shelf twenty inches wide.

He left his bed in Paris 53 hours later. It is remarked that at the end of the journey he was very dusty, hungry and thirsty, and possessed a capital amounting to 5 cents.—Indianapolis News.

### She Could.

"I was weeding—aw—an account of a woman being hooked to death by a beastly cow, doncher know," remarked young Dudeleigh. "Weally, I can't imagine a more how-wible affair—can you, Miss Caustique?"

"No, Mr. Dudeleigh," replied Miss Caustique, "unless it is being bored to death by a calf."

And when she illustrated her remark with a large, open-faced yawn, young Dudeleigh proceeded to get a hurry on himself.—London Tit-Bits.

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OR MONEY BACK.

## With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN  
Author of "The Sowers," "Roden's Corner," "From  
One Generation to Another," Etc.

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"It is very kind of you to put it in that way," said Joseph. "But I should not like you to sacrifice yourself to what may be a foolish prejudice on my part."

"It is not a foolish prejudice. Durnovo is not a gentleman, either by birth or inclination. He is not fit to associate with you."

To this Joseph answered nothing. Victor Durnovo was one of her brother's closest friends; a friend of his own choosing.

"Miss Gordon," said Meredith suddenly, with a gravity that was rare, "will you do me a favor?"

"I think I should like to."

"You admit that you are afraid of Durnovo now; if at any time you have reason to be more afraid, will you make use of me? Will you write or come to me and ask my help?"

"Thank you," she said hesitatingly.

"You see," he went on in a lighter tone, "I am not afraid of Durnovo. I have met Durnovo before. You may have observed that my locks no longer resemble the raven's wing. There is a little gray, just here, above the temple. I am getting on in life, and I know how to deal with Durnovo."



"I might have been a criminal or an escaped embezzler."

"Do you know," she said, after a little silence, "that I was actually thinking of warning you against Mr. Durnovo? Now I stand aghast at my own presumption."

"It was kind of you to give me the matter any thought whatever."

He rose and threw away the end of his cigar. Joseph was already before the door, leading the horse which Maurice Gordon had placed at his visitor's disposal.

### CHAPTER X.

THE short equatorial twilight was drawing to an end, and all nature stood in silence, while night crept up to claim the land where her reign is more autocratic than elsewhere on earth. There was a black night above the trees, and a blacker beneath.

A sportsman was abroad. He was creeping up the right hand bank of a stream, his only chance lying in the noise of the waters which might serve to deaden the sound of broken twig or rustling leaf.

This sportsman was Jack Meredith, and it was evident that he was bringing to bear upon the matter in hand that intelligence and keenness of perception which had made him a person of some prominence in other scenes where nature has a less assured place.

Since sunset he had been crawling, scrambling, stumbling up the bank of this stream in relentless pursuit of some large animal which persistently kept hidden in the tangle across the bed of the river. The strange part of it was that when he stopped to peep through the branches the animal stopped, too, and he found no way of discovering its whereabouts.

Once Meredith was able to decide approximately the whereabouts of his prey by the momentary shaking of a twig. He raised his rifle and covered that twig steadily; his forefinger played tentatively on the trigger, but on second thought he refrained. He was keenly conscious of the fact that the beast was doing its work with skill superior to his own. In comparison to his, its movements were almost noiseless.

It was terribly hot and all the while night was stalking westward on the summits of the trees with stealthy tread.

At last he came to an open space made by a slip of the land into the bed of the river. When Jack Meredith came to this he stepped out of the thicket and stood in the open awaiting the approach of his stealthy prey. The sound of its footfall was just perceptible, slowly diminishing the distance that divided them. Then the trees were parted and a tall, fair man stepped forward on to the opposite bank.

Jack Meredith bowed gravely, and the other sportsman, seeing the absurdity of the situation, burst into

heartily laughter. In a moment or two he had leaped from rock to rock and come to Meredith.

"It seems," he said, "that we have been wasting a considerable amount of time."

"I very nearly wasted powder and shot," replied Jack, significantly indicating his rifle.

"I saw you twice and raised my rifle. Your breeches are just the color of a young doe. Are you Meredith? My name is Oscar."

"Ah! Yes, I am Meredith. I am glad to see you."

They shook hands. There was a twinkle in Jack Meredith's eyes, but Oscar was quite grave. His sense of humor was not very keen, and he was before all things a sportsman.

"I left the canoe a mile below Miala and landed to shoot a deer we saw drinking. But I never saw him afterward. Then I heard you, and I have been stalking you ever since."

"But I never expected you so soon. You were not due till to-morrow!" Jack whispered suddenly.

Oscar turned on his heel, and the next instant their two rifles rang out through the forest stillness in one sharp crack. Across the stream, ten yards behind the spot where Oscar and emerged from the brush, a leopard sprang into the air five feet from the ground, with head thrown back and jaws clamping at the thinness of space with grand free sweeps. The beast fell with a thud and lay still, dead.

"The two men clambered across the rocks again, side by side. While they stood over the prostrate form of the leopard, beautiful, incomparably graceful and sleek even in death, city Oscar stole a sidelong glance at his companion. He was a modest man, and yet he knew that he was reckoned among the big game hunters of the age. This man had fired as quickly as himself, and there were two small trickling holes in the animal's head.

While he was being quietly scrutinized Jack Meredith stooped down, taking the leopard beneath the shoulders, lifted it bodily back from the pool of blood.

"Pity to spoil the skin," he explained as he put a fresh cartridge into his rifle.

Oscar nodded in an approving way. He knew the weight of a full grown leopard, all muscle and bone, and he was one of those old fashioned persons mentioned in the Scriptures as taking a delight in a man's legs—or his arms, so long as they were strong.

"I suppose," he said quietly, "we had better skin him here."

"Yes."

They laid the skin out on the trampled maidenhair and contemplated it



Two rifles rang out through the forest